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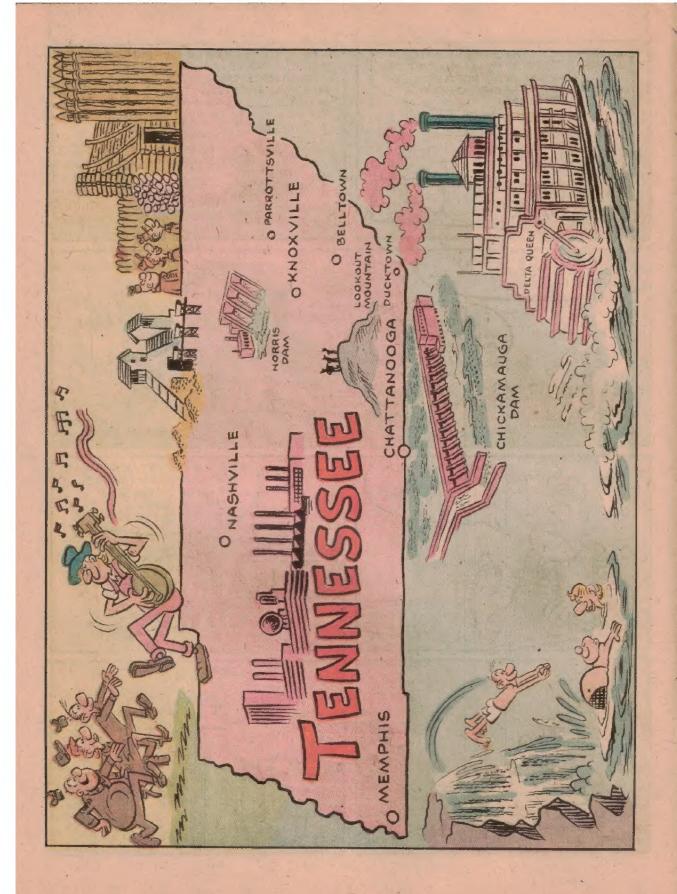














Winfield Dunn GOVERNOR TENNESSEE



State of Tennessee

Mr. Alfred Harvey, President Harvey Famous Name Comics, Inc. 15 Columbus Circle New York, New York 10023

Dear Mr. Harvey:

I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate you as President of Harvey Famous Name Comics, Inc. you as President of Continuous publication of the on the many years of continuous publication of the very popular comic, Sad Sack.

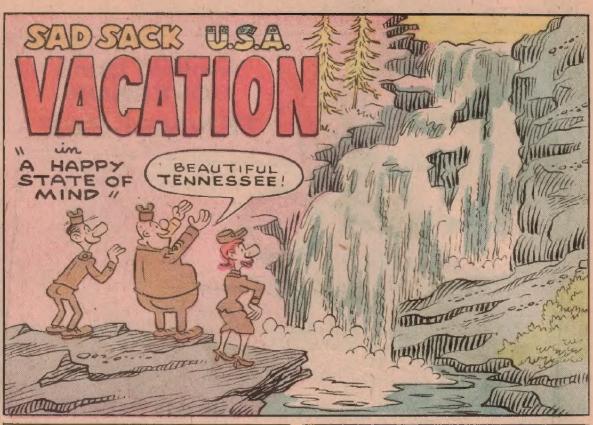
American and foreign readers to visit the great state of Tennessee. Tennessee is steeped in history and tradition. It is a beautiful state which stretches from the banks of the Mississippi in the west to the ski slopes on the eastern boundary. We have in our state what people want for a short time or for life, state what people want for a short time or for life. There are rivers and lakes, mountains, historical there are rivers and lakes, mountains, and the full array of sports and entertainment attractions.

N State are institled with the genuine enthusiasm for everyone to enjoy our natural blessing with us.

It is all here to enjoy. We are anxious to put our hospitality on display. Won't you help do that?

GEORGE

Mufuel Dunn



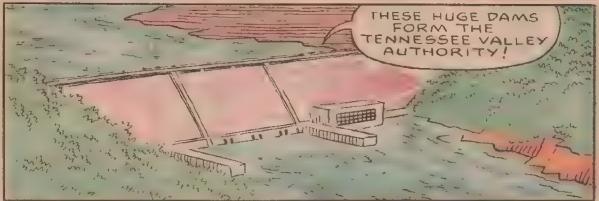






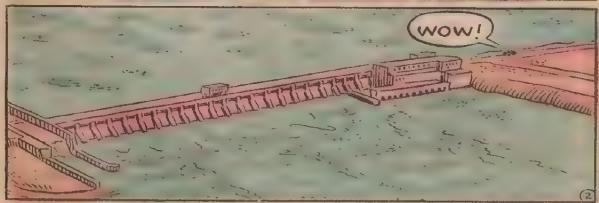
































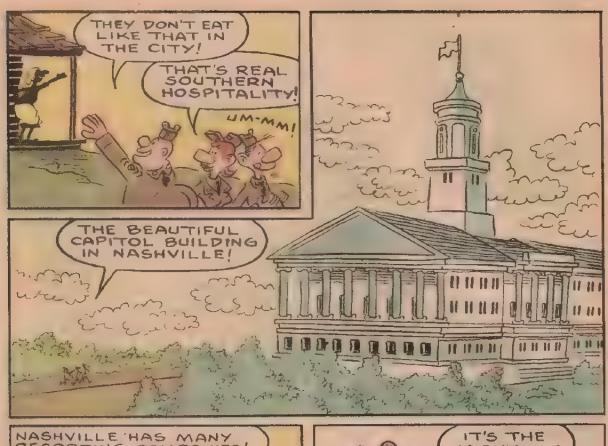






















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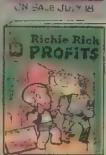








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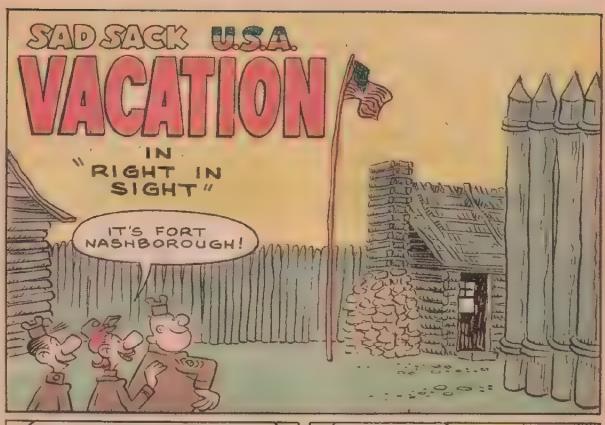


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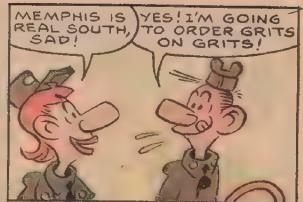


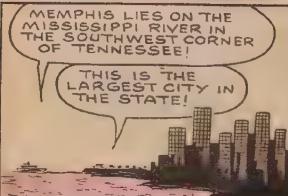














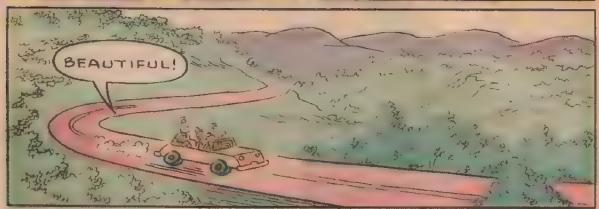


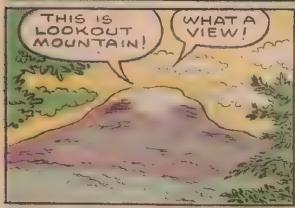










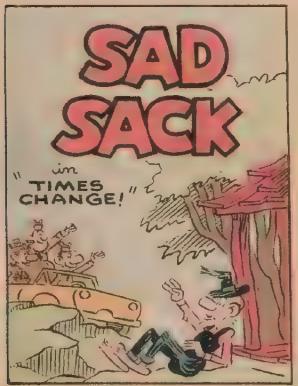








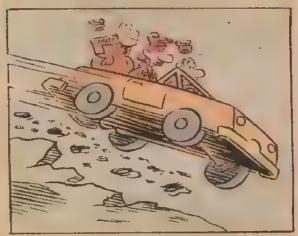




"Isn't 'TENNESSEE just wonderful?" Sadie Sack exclaimed as she sat in the car with Sad Sack and Sarge. They were driving through the beautiful mountains. "This scenery is great!" the Sarge said as he looked down into the valley below. He could see some little houses spotted here and there. "We're really in the back woods," the Sad Sack said as he pointed ahead to a young man sitting on a fence plucking on a banjo! "Oh-h-h! This is so quaint and charming!" Sadie gushed as they stopped next to the country boy playing his banjo. "Don't you just love that country music? It's so earthy,

and natural and basic!" "It's got a good beat to it, too," the Sarge said while he was stompin' his foot on the floor of the car. The boy finished his playing and started to walk off. Sadie called to him, "What's your name, young man; someday you might be famous!" "Johnny Singeroo," he answered, as he jumped into his special model sports car parked in back of a bush. He zoomed down the country road heading for Nashville!

Sad Sack, Sadie and Sarge continued riding through the mountains. They stopped at one of the roadside stands and bought some cold cider! "Um-m-m! That's delicious!" They all agreed. "It's so good to get off those super highways and roam around the backwoods! My Uncle Ol' Sod Sack's up here in these hills somewhere!" The Sad Sack said as he turned up an old rocky road that almost ripped out the bottom of the



car. "Yes, this is the road—I can tell by all these bumps!" They pulled up in front of a mountain cabin and there was Ol' Sod Sack.

GEORGE BAKER





sitting down next to his old hound dog, smoking his corn cob pipe! "Howdy!" he said, as the Sad Sack, Sarge and Sadie got out of the car.



Ol' Sod's cabin was right on top of the tallest mountain! "Wow! What a view!" Sadie gasped. They could see in all directions for miles! "Ah-h! It's so peaceful and quiet up here! This is the way life should be!" Sadie said as she smelled the fragrant fresh air with a scent of pine in the air! Just then five big trucks pulled up in a cloud of dust! A bunch of men jumped off the trucks and started laying cables and wires all over the ground. Men started setting up big spotlights and microphones in the trees, hanging from limbs, and in the bushes! "We're going to do a TV show with all the famous country and

western singers!" the man in the purple pants announced, as he started giving orders.

"This background is perfect!" he said as a group of musicians gathered in front of Ol' Sod Sack's house having their make-up applied. "Put some more red in my cheeks so I'll look country!" one of the singers said. He was dressed like a country bumpkin as he lit a five dollar cigar with his diamondstudded lighter! All the stars arrived in their big, flashy sports cars and changed from their furs and city clothes into overalls and blue jeans. "Put some more freckles on my nose!" one of the girls said. Ol' Sod Sack sat right in the middle of them all. "He gives a lot of local color!" the director said. The whole mountain top was full of people. "This will go over big in the cities!" the director said, "This country stuff is a multimillion dollar industry!" The mountain was so crowded they were pushing Sad Sack, Sarge and Sadie right off the side!

"This is getting to be a madhouse!" the Sad Sack moaned. "I thought we came up here to get away from all this!" The director ordered them to get off the set because their army uniforms didn't fit into the decor. "You'll ruin the whole TV show!" he shouted. The Sad Sack had to say good-bye to Ol' Sod Sack. "It's too crowded up here for us!" the Sack explained to Ol' Sod. "We're going down to the city where we can have some room to stretch!" the Sack said as

they drove off.

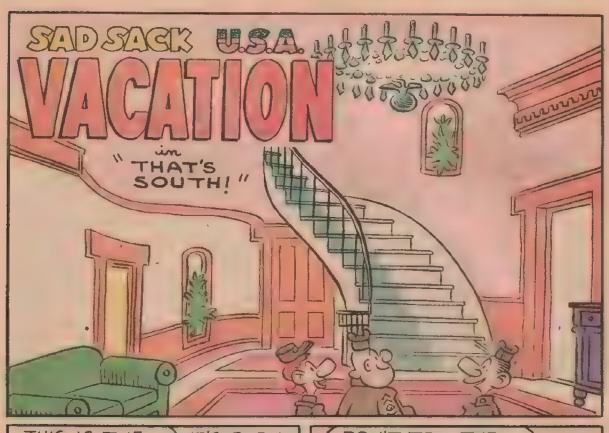
"Quiet! On the set!" the director yelled, as the Sad Sack drove his car zig-zag around all the trucks, cars, cables, and people. "This is worse than 42nd Street at rush hour!" groaned the Sarge. "Quick! Get us out of here, Sack! HEAD FOR THE CITY!"























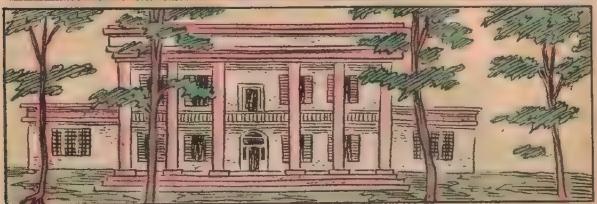








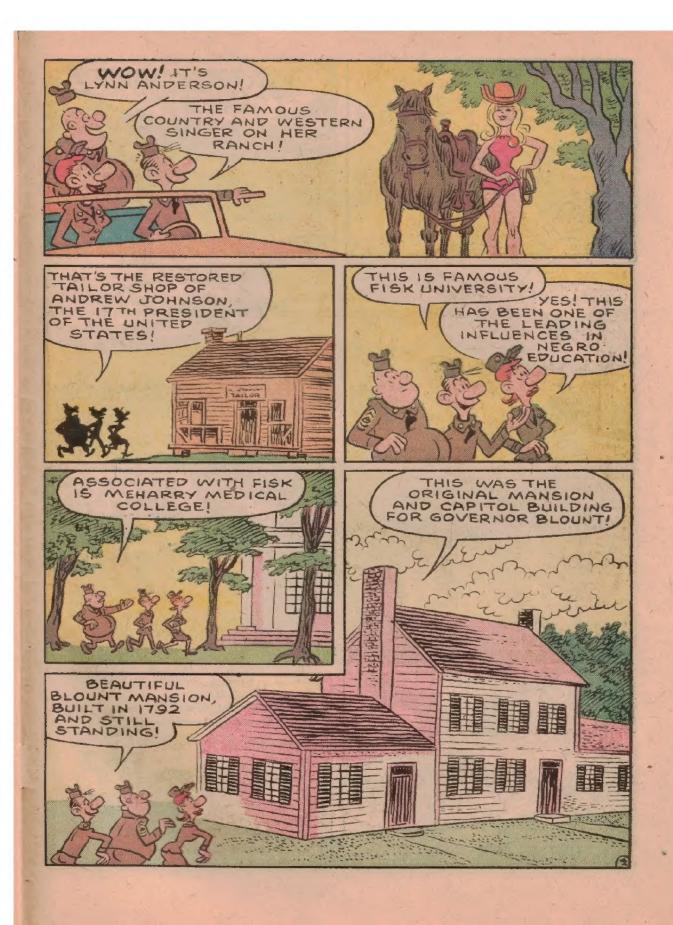
























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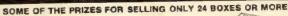
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